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01x09 - Daddy Dearest (Sonny Boy)

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01x09 - Daddy Dearest (Sonny Boy)

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **02/22/01 20:27**

(Mike and Emmett's place. Emmett's having cybersex. He's like, naked, at a table, with a laptop computer, typing with his left hand, and masturbating with his right. He and "usemyhole27," the guy he's chatting with, both type really well with only one hand. There's a towel by the laptop, too.)

usemyhole27: god, you're so f*cking big!

pitts9X6: you'll take every last inch, p*ssy boy!

usemyhole27: yes, sir! i'm loving it! don't stop!

pitts9X6: ahhhhh! [he's coming.]

usemyhole27: when can we hook up for real?

Emmett: Hock up for real?

(Emmett hastily escapes out of the chat room.)

(Liberty Avenue. At Woody's, The Boys are playing pool.)

Brian: Would you just sh**t?

Ted: Pool is a game of precision and science, my friend. It involves high hand coordination, geonometry, specific graffity.

(Brian take the white ball from the pool.)

Brian: It's a f*cking ball and a stick! Will you take the sh**t, Mikey?

Michael: I can't. I gotta go to meet David.

Brian: Why doesn't he meet you here?

Michael: Um, because he doesn't like my friends?

Ted: [he's looking to Brian] I don't like your friends.

Brian: How about his buddies? Does he have any?

Ted: [he finally sinks a ball] Hey, I've got some.

Brian: Yes, but you're playing stripes.

Michael: Yeah sure he has friends.

Brian: Have you ever met any?

Michael: Um, no.

Brian: Maybe he doesn't want you to.

[Justin walks up with a drink in his hand.]

Justin: Hey there.

Michael: Well, at least his friends are his own age.

Brian: What are you doin' here? I thought it was a school night.

Justin: You're here.

Brian: I'm a grown-up.

Justin: Barely.

Brian: Go home.

[Justin shakes his head, and mouths the word "no." Then he sticks a condom in this teeth, and waves bye-bye to The Boys.]

Michael: What is this, 'adopt-a-trick'? First he's an one-night-stand, now he's moved in.

Brian: It's only temporarely.

Michael: What, until he grows up?

Brian: Until I figured out what to do with him. Mikey, tell the Doc we miss him.

Michael: Bye!

(Ted and Emmett walk to Ted's car. Emmett nods in the direction of a young man leaning on another car.)

Emmett: That could be him.

Ted: Who?

Emmett: usemyhole27.

Ted: Usemyhole27? Does that mean twenty-six guys have used his hole before you?

Emmett: No, my cyber boyfriend. The best cyber-sex I never had. But now it's over now.

Ted: How come?

Emmett: Because he wants to meet me.

Ted: So?

Emmett: So? I'm looking not like my profile so. Big, smooth, 6'2", 190 lbs, four percent body fat, uncut.

Ted: Jesus, I think I did it with you last week.

Emmett: Really? [Pause] How was I?

Ted: Did you ever considering to tell him the truth?

Emmett: What, that I'm a big nelly bottom who wishes he were a beefy, brutal top? Never will be.

(The Happy Fun House. Melanie's bouncing Gus on her shoulder. Gus is not a happy baby, and not too well, either. Lindsay's on the phone.)

Lindsay: Yes, hello. This is Lindsay Peterson. I need to talk to Dr.Persou about Gus.

Mel: Oh god, he's throwing up again. He's burning up, honey.

Lindsay: I just need a second to talk...they don't want give us her number and want to leave her a message.

Mel: Give this to me. Hello, what's your name? Hi Carol, this is Melanie Marcus. Listen, we need to reach Dr.Persou, doesn't she usually leave her pager on? OK, then I'll be appreciated contacted while I'm waiting on line. Thank you!

Lindsay: I love you.

[They kiss each other.]

Lindsay: Hello, Dr.Persou? Hi, it's Lindsay Peterson. Yeah it's Gus. He has fever 102 and he's been throwing up... yes, alright. Thank you. She says we have to go to the hospital now.

Mel: Ok, Ok, all will be alright. I'll get the keys, you get his blanket.

(Meanwhile, at Brian's penthouse, Justin's on the phone as Brian gets back from Woody's.)

Justin: Brian's comes. You mean it? [He looks up and grins] My mom says hi. [Brian grins sardonically] Brian says hi, too. So, does dad ask about me? He's still mad? Can you talk to him, make him understand? No! No, I can't! I can't come home, not until he still feels that way. Mom! Mom! I'm gonna go. Give Molly a kiss from me. Yeah, you too.

[Then he hangs up, tearing up a little.]

Brian: It's not worth crying about.

Justin: I wasn't cryin'. It's my allergies.

Brian: You're father's an as*h*le who treats you like sh*t, and practically k*lled me. I say, forget about

him.

Justin: But he's my dad. I mean could you forgot about your father?

Brian: I already did a long time ago.

Justin: You mean you never see him or talk to him?

Brian: What for?

Justin: Just to hang out and be together.

Brian: What, just because he got my mother pregnant, there's supposed to be some special bond between us? He served his purpose. It's all he was good for.

Justin: I could never feel that way about my dad.

Brian: Then you'll always be hurt.

[the phone rings. Justin get it.]

Justin: Hello? Oh, hi. Yeah, hold on. He's right here. [to Brian] Lindsay, she sound upset.

(At David's, Mike's fiddling with a framed picture when David leaps on him, biting his neck.)

David: I don't know why, I see you, and I just want to take a bite.

Michael: Who called?

David: Oh, my ex.

Michael: Lori?

David: Yeah, I've told her all about you.

Michael: What did you say?

David: I said you were smart, you were funny, and you were sexy.

Michael: I thought you stopped lying to your wife.

David: C'mon, let's go to bed.

Michael: Who are these people?

David: Let me see.

Michael: The people in the picture. They look nice. They look straight.

David: That's Laura, that's Steve. This is on New Years Eve. Steve is urologist, Laura's a pit. They really are friends of mine.

Michael: How come I never met them?

David: Well, I don't know. You wanna meet them?

Michael: I don't know, if you want me to meet them. I was driving the other night with my bag and stuff for tomorrow. And I start the feeling I'm someone's little secret. It's always just the two of us.

David: I have to admit I can enjoy that way just having you all by myself but if you wanna be with... other people...

Michael: No, it's okay. I never should have brought this up.

David: But I'm glad you did. Hey, what are you doin' on Saturday night?

Michael: Saturday night?

David: Yeah, I have a dinner party. I'll introduce you to the g*ng.

Michael: The g*ng? No, that's okay.

David: No! It's a great idea. I want them to know you. And you should know them.

(Mike shakes his head, and the two laugh and chase each other up the stairs.)

(Back at Mike and Emmett's, Emmett is about to delete his screen name.)

Man: Hey! What the f*ck are you doing?

(Emmett whirls around to find a really cute guy snarling at him from the doorway.)

Emmett: How the hell... How do you get in here?

Man: Hey, I ask the question first. What the f*ck did you thinking to deleting me? Didn't you recognize me? I'm Pitts9X6.

Emmett: How did you know my secret screen name?

Man: Well, I'm your screen name.

Emmett: What are you talking about? Did Ted put you up to this?

Man: Pool foul. Big, smooth, six foot two, a hundred and ninety-five pounds, four percent body fat, uncut.

Emmett: OK, OK, I get it. Michael and Ted read my profile and they paid you to come here and mess with my head. Well, my kind of reality is really tighter then everybody seems to think. OK, Pitts doesn't exist. He's a fantasy over my overacting imagination.

(Pitts unzips his pants to show that he is, indeed, uncut and nine inch long.)

Emmett: Oh, oh my god. It's true.

Pitts: 9 by six, thanks to you.

Emmett: OK, I'm must dreaming.

Pitts: Have you some hot tapes? "Dawson's Crack". Mind if I popp it in?

Emmett: Oh my god, I've complete cracked. I'm talking to my screen name. What is goin' on? What are you doin' here?

Pitts: Well, you're about to deleting me.

Emmett: Oh well, I'm really sorry. But I'm threw with you.

Pitts: But I'm a hottie and everyone wants me!

Emmett: Exactly, they want you - the fantasy. Not me the real person. It's pathetic, my screen name has more fun than I do.

Pitts: Hey, you've said you wish you could be a beafy, brutal top instead of a big nelly bottom. Well, if I could teach you how you to be like me you let me live?

Emmett: But I'm not like you.

Pitts: Well, I came from somewhere, didn't I?

(The Emergency Room.)

Doctor: Symptoms?

Mel: Gonorhoe, vometing, fever.

Doctor: Do you know how high?

Lindsay: Just 104 last night.

Mel: We worried about dehydration.

Doctor: OK, let's check this out. Which one of you is the mother?

Lindsay: I'm the birth mother.

Doctor: Then let's go.

Lindsay: Actually we're raising him together. We're a couple.

Doctor: Well it that case, do you have the adoption paper?

Lindsay: Adoption?!

Mel: He means for me. No, not yet, we're planed to that...

Doctor: I'm sorry but we can only allowed the child's legal guardiances to go with him.

Mel: Fine, stop talking just take him.

Lindsay: I'm right out in the minute I know more.

(They kiss each other. A nurse watching them skeptically. After Linds is gone Mel see Gus' blanket.)

Mel: Excuse me, I need to go back there. You see my partner forgot the babies blanket and I don't want him anymore upset...

Nurse: Look, Miss -- or whatever you are -- I believe that it was already explained to you that only the child's parents or legal guardian are permitted to be with him.

Mel: And I believe it needs to be explained to you who loves him and feeds him, and walks him and changes him and cleans up sh*t, and pays the bills ... You listen to me. I stay up half the night worrying that he'll grow up to be happy and healthy and loved, so don't you dare tell me I have no right to be with him, you vicious h*m* c**t!

(Brian wanders in at the end of that. Melanie, crying -- and is relieved to see him.)

Brian: What's goin' on? How is he?

Mel: I don't know. They won't let me in there.

Brian: Why?

Mel: I'm not legal. I'm not anything parently and I'm goin' crazy.

Brian: What, is that your f*cking bureaucracy?

(The doctor walks out.)

Mel: Excuse me, this is the father.

Doctor: I'll take him back.

Brian: Well, she's goin' too.

Mel: Don't worrying. Just go and give this Linds.

(The next day, The Boys are gathered at the Gym.)

Brian: Not even six months old, and my kid's already a drama queen.

Ted: Well, at least you know he's yours.

Michael: The good news is he's alright.

Brian: Yeah because I have to go to the hospital by myself because someone left their cell phone off.

Michael: I had to deal with my own crisis. David throwing a diner party, us and two other couples, one of them are straight.

Brian: He eats with straight people?

Ted: Yech! You never know where their hands have been!

Emmett: So, what's the problem?

Michael: The problem is what I have to talk about?

Ted: What we're talk about.

Emmett: What we've done. Who we've done. Who we want to do.

Michael: These people aren't like us. Their professors and doctors, and things.

Ted: We're things. Ad execs, accountants --

Emmett: Couturiers to Disco trash?!

Michael: The thing is after two minutes it will be paintly obious that I don't fit in and David will dump me on the spot.

Ted: Then we'd better get busy. Right, Professor Higgins?

Emmett: Right, Pickering. We'll turn you from a simple flower girl into a lady.

(Pitts comes up. Unseen for the other.)

Pitts9X6: Speaking of which, let's get to work.

Emmett: What are you doing here?

Pitts9x6: Turning you from a candy-a*s into a stud. So, let's see you spread 'em. Now!

(Emmett jumps, and starts up again on his machine. The Boys notice that Emmett's working extra hard.)

Michael: What's with G.I. Jane?

Ted: If he's not careful, he might actually break a sweat. Or a nail.

(The Happy Fun House. Lindsay walks into the living room. Melanie's sulking on the couch.)

Lindsay: He's down for a while anyway.

Mel: That's good.

Lindsay: Hon, what are you thinking about?

Mel: Hebrew School.

Lindsay: He's still a little young, don't you think?

Mel: No, when I was a kid in the Hebrew School Rabbi used to say, 'If you ever forget you're a Jew, a non-Jew will remind you.' I was wondered what he meant. Until Amely Merely called me a JAP on the playground.

Lindsay: Oh, that nell b*tch!

Mel: Then I knew what he meant. I'd forgotten I was different until I was so awful remind it. Same thing happened at the hospital last night.

Lindsay: Well, their had not right.

Mel: Yeah, they did. They had every right. But we have a right, too. To protect ourselves. We have to talk to Brian.

(At Brian's penthouse, The Boys, plus Justin, are giving Mike dining etiquette lessons.)

Emmett: Just be sure to compliment the hostess.

Michael: I'm the hostess.

Brian: And you look lovely.

Emmett: OK, which fork is for salat?

Justin: (playing Gameboy) Go from the outside in.

Brian: Yeah, I though you studied for your calcular exam.

Justin: I'm taking a break.

Brian: Well, get back to work.

Emmett: Now, bread plate.

(He's taking the wrong.)

Justin: On your left.

Emmett: Water glass?

Justin: On your right.

(Mike and Emmett glare at him. Justin smiles angelically.)

Michael: So, as long as I only have salat, bread and water I'm all set.

Ted: Now talking about conversation. Stay clear from religion because you never know where anyone stands; avoid politics like the plague; and you should probably steer clear of the economy as well.

Brian: So far he has no trouble. Mikey never talked about religion, politics and the market in his life.

Michael: Well, what do I talk about, then?

Justin: Movies are always a save path. If you want to appear current without appearing controversial.

Michael: I saw X-Men six times.

(Justin busts up laughing. Ted sighs.)

Ted: Well, I didn't think that this impress the guests.

Brian: Look, you making too big deal out of this. You show up, your talk, you eat.

Michael: But these are David's best friends. I wanna make a good impression.

Emmett: And you're will. Just just have to remember a few simply rules. Utensils work from the outside in.

Ted: Remember not to talk about anything that matters.

Brian: Don't talk with your mouth full.

Michael: What if I burp?

Justin: Just cover your mouth with your napkin and say 'excuse me' to no one in particular.

Ted: Just be yourself. You won't have anything to worried about.

Michael: I just know somehow somewhere I'm goin to f*ck up.

Brian: That's what he means -- be yourself.

(At the Happy Fun House, Brian's Lesbians nervously dither over the tea as Brian and Justin wait in the living room.)

Lindsay: Let me talk to him. You know you sad him off.

Mel: I won't say a thing. I won't say anything.

(In the living room, Brian's being adorable with the baby again.)

Brian: He seems fine to me. Aren't you, sonny boy?

Lindsay: Thank God after last night.

Mel: Well, that's the way it goes -- yesterday, life and death; today tea and cookies.

Justin: They're good.

Lindsay: It's a mix. It makes your realize how important it is to be prepared.

Brian: For what?

Lindsay: For what happened with that nurse.

Brian: God, she was a real b*tch.

Mel: Thank you.

Lindsay: Justin, would you like some ice cream?

Justin: No, I'm okay.

Brian: What do you gettin' at?

Lindsay: Well, it's something we're talked about Gus' was born and we're never got to do. Melanie would like to petition for second-parent adoption.

Justin: What's that?

Mel: Well, I'm not Gus' biological parent like Lindsay and Brian. So, I need to have papers that make me his legal guardian.

Lindsay: Only Melanie can't get the process goin' until you sign papers agreened to give up your parental rights.

Justin: No way! He's Gus's dad!

Lindsay: No one's deniing that. You know your always be part of his life. And the same way we're always part of each others.

(Melanie and Lindsay wait expectantly for his answer. Brian, looking only at his son.)

Brian: You don't have to convince me. Just tell me where to sign.

Justin: What?! You mean, you're actually wanna do it?

Mel: Justin!

Brian: He will be better off. What I have to do?

Mel: Sign some papers. I'll have them drawn up.

Justin: You can't.

Brian: Would you stay out of this?

Justin: You're his father!

Brian: And I'm teaching him a lesson -- don't count on your old man.

(Babylon! It's Mixed Group Hula Hoop Night! Every other person is dancing with a hula hoop, and half of them are women, so

maybe tonight's the night they invite the lesbians. Emmett and Ted boogie over near the stage.)

Ted: What are you doin' with your arm?

Emmett: I call it the 'Praise Jesus.'

Ted: It's like you hailing a cab.

[Pitts shows up.]

Pitts9x6: I called it the worst dancing I've ever seen.

Emmett: Who ask you?

Ted: Don't get sore. I'm just kidding.

Pitts9x6: See anyone who's hot?

Emmett: I haven't seen so many dogs since 101 Dalmatians.

Ted: Hey, what about that guy over there?

Pitts9x6: I'd like to housebreak him.

Emmett: I suppose he's alright.

Ted: Translation - we don't have the guts to go after him.

Pitts9x6: Speak for yourself, loser.

(Pitts drags Emmett over to Stair Guy, pushes Emmett into the other man. Emmett's beer got spilled all over Stair Guy.)

Stair Guy: You made me spill my beer.

Emmett: Sorry.

Pitts9x6: Tell him you would like him over his chest.

Emmett: What?!

Stair Guy: I said I spilled my beer, man!

Pitts9x6: Say it!

Emmett: I lick it off your chest.

Stair Guy: I rather had a napkin.

Emmett: Right, right. Oh, here.

Pitts9x6: Well what are you waitin' for. Ask him to go. Hey dude!

Emmett: Hey dude. I never say dude.

Pitts9x6: I can tell you one of that.

Emmett: Hey dude, I can tell you one of that.

Pitts9x6: What if you go out of here and go nast.

Emmett: What if you go out of here and... He's making me say all this.

Stair Guy: f*cking weirdo!

Pitts9x6: Well, that was the most stunning display of ineptitude I've ever witnessed.

Ted: Hey, how'd go?

Emmett: f*ck off!
(At David's house, David and his friends are in the middle of the living room, drinking wine and laughing. The doorbell rings, and, Laura -- a redheaded earth sister type -- sidesteps David to answer it.)

Laura: At last. The boyfriend.

Michael: I'm sorry, I'm late.

Laura: Nonsense, you're fashionable. I'm Laura. Listen, I've known David forever, so if there's anything you need to know about him --

David: Warning, don't listen to Dr. Laura!

Laura: I hate when he calls me that.

David: You've got a PID.

Laura: Yeah, in economics.

Michael: Excuse me, sir, do I know you?

Laura: Oh, he's funny! He's adorable!

David: See? She thinks you're adorable.

Michael: I have nervousness as hell.

David: Why? Everybody's gonna love you.

Michael: What makes you think that?

David: Because I do. Go, go, go.

(At Brian's penthouse, Brian shaves while Justin takes a shower. Brian's helping Justin with his vocabulary homework.)

Brian: Insouciant.

Justin: Unconcerned, nonchalant. That's what you are. Insouciant.

Brian: Sycophant.

Justin: Uncaring.

Brian: That's wrong. It means a*s kisser.

Justin: It doesn't say a*s-kisser.

Brian: 'One that seeks favor by flattery.' a*s-kisser.

Justin: Who cares what it says? How can you give away Gus? He'll think you didn't want him.

Brian: He'll be right.

Justin: I don't believe you. I was there in the night when Gus' were born. I saw him give him a kiss.

Brian: Not everyone is cut out to be a father!

Justin: So what are you gonna tell him some day when he's old enough why you didn't want him?

Brian: I'll tell him the truth. These two d*kes high noon and wanted a kid really bad. So I jerked off into a cup.

Justin: That's not all. A boy needs a father. Believe me, I know.

Brian: Yeah, you haven't had a father for almost two weeks.

Justin: Even he gets angry, even he isn't always there it's better than not having one at all.

Brian: Yeah, don't be so sure.

Justin: You're father must have loved you. It did even you didn't show it.

Brian: (smiles) Yeah, he knew how to show it, all right, especially after he'd had a few.

Justin: Yeah, well, at least he didn't give you away.

(Brian throws down his towel and st*lks out of the bathroom.)

Brian: Garrulous.

Justin: Loquacious. Chatty. Where are you goin'?

Brian: Out.

Justin: I thoughed you've gonna help me!

Brian: If you want help, call your father.

(Meanwhile, at David's, Dr. Dave's serving the first course.)

Man#1: When David makes a meal, you don't eat for a week.

Laura: Before or afterwards!

Michael: I didn't know you could cook.

Javier: You two have a lot to learn.

David: Give him time and he'll discover all my secrets.

Steve: Like underwear.

David: Right.

Michael: You have an underwear fetich?

Laura: In our last trip together he brough an entire suitcase of jocky shorts and socks.

Michael: Did you all go together?

Eddie: We rent it a house.

Javier: It was fabulous!

Steve: Laura still talking about the food tryin' gettin' 6 pounds prosciuotto through Customs.

Laura: He exaggerate. It was four.

Steve: It was six.

Laura. Four.

Eddie: Six.

Laura: Were you ever been in Italy?

Michael: Uh no, but my Uncle Vic spent a lot time there.

Eddie: Was he in business?

Michael: No, A*DS. He went there to die.

(Everyone freezes.)

Laura: I'm sorry.

Michael: Well, it's not your fault. He's really sick. So he decide to take his dream trip to Rome, but then the protease inhibitors kicked in and he's home and he's fine. Except for some occasional

diarrhea.

David: I really like to take Michael away for a while. Well he works so hard and...

Eddie: So what is it that you do, Michael?

Michael: Um I'm in retail.

Steve: Really, where?

Michael: Big Q.

David: He's got a promotion. He's the manager.

Laura: The Big Q. Eddie, isn't that what they call you?

(The table laughs, and Mike's relieved. David drinks more wine.)

Steve: I've seen those stores, but I'm actually been in one.

Eddie: They sell everything you can imagine.

Javier: But nothing you'd want to buy.

Michael: (to Javier) Haven't I seen you there?

Javier: Excuse me?

Michael: I know I know you from somewhere. Do you shop at the Big Q?

Javier: Hardly.

Laura: Well, the next time we're go someplace you must come with us.

Eddie: How about Mykonos in July?

Michael: I only get a week off.

Laura: Oh you pure thing. That is were I love academica. We're professors get the whole summer.

David: I should check the sea food paella. Is this okay with shellfish?

Michael: (to Javier) That's where I know you from -- from the White Party! You gave me crabs!

(Eddie sets his glass down hard. David coughs.)

David: Anyone likes more whine?

(At the Happy Fun House, Melanie walks into the bedroom, wearing only a towel. Lindsay's already in bed, naked. Melanie opens the towel and we get some fully nude l*sbian.)

Mel: Ready or not?

Lindsay: You're in a good mood.

Mel: The best. I'm finally going to be an official, fully signed, sealed, and delivered Mom.

Lindsay: Actually I'm the one who delivered.

Mel: Jesus, I can't believe it. Brian!

Lindsay: I always knew it comes through.

Mel: I was sure he tells to get f*ck ourselves.

Lindsay: I'm sure it wasn't easy giving up his rights.

Mel: He didn't even seem to care.

Lindsay: I'm sure he cared. He loves his son more than you ever though.

Mel: All that matters is that Gus is finally ours, both of ours.

(And that's enough talk -- bring the sex! Which they have! With music, even!)

(Brian walks down an unfamiliar street and into the IGE Union Hall, approaching a table where four older men are playing poker.)

Jack: You're bet, Tommy.

Tommy: I want this hand. Next round on me.

Jack: The next round is on Tommy. That's three rounds a night!

Brian: How are you doing, Pop?

Jack: I had better days and for sure better hands. Say hello to the guys.

Brian: Hello guys.

Jack: I'm out. I was bluffing anyway.

Tommy: As long as you weren't bluffing on anybody.

(Brian's dad folds soon after the bar, and buys a scotch.)

Jack: What do you want, Sonny Boy?

Brian: Beer's good.

Jack: How about the scotch in the city? So how's that fancy job of yours?

Brian: The fancy job is just fine. I can't complain.

Jack: Leave the complaining to the warden. If it was up to her, I'd never have any fun. Listen, um... I'm uh...a little short.

(Brian slides him an envelope filled with cash.)

Jack: You're a good boy. I'm keeping strickt concer, that you got the g*dd*mn penny.

Brian: I know.

Jack: Don't work too hard, now.

Brian: Thanks for the advice.

Jack: You've got to leave some time for the ladies.

Brian: Oh, I always leave time for the ladies.

Jack: But don't let them tie you down.

Brian: Don't worry about me, Pop.

Jack: That's what they are wanna do, no matter what they say.

Brian: I think I can handle this.

Jack: You know, you and me, we have a lot alike.

Brian: We are?

Jack: We won't settle down. Sometimes I look in the mirror and say to myself, Jack Kinney, you dump son of a b*tch, why did you ever become a family man?

Brian: Why did you? Why did you marry mom? Why do you have me?

Jack: Jesus, you're a smart kid, you never figured it out?

(Brian want to go out.)

Jack: C'mon, Sonny Boy! Sonny Boy! Just stay. C'mon, have another drink with your old man. C'mon, have another drink.

(At Mike and Emmett's.)

Emmett: Everyone though I'm crazy. I wasn't so humiliated in my life!

Pitts9x6: What are you doin?

Emmett: I'm deleting you, like I should have done to begin with.

Pitts9x6: Hold. Don't I get one last chance? Think about all the hot sex you scored to pretending you were me. Come into my world.

Emmett: You don't have a world; you have a web.

Pitts9x6: Sign on.

Emmett: Alright, this is your last chance.

(Emmett pushes a button, and the two are transported into a virtual chat room -- a white-walled room with phrases and words dancing around the walls in blue lights. Men walk and stand around, their screen names projected onto their chests in white light.)

Pitts9x6: So which one you want to talk to?

Emmett: Surfer Dude. So, how's goin'?

Pitts9x6: What are you doin'? You can't. You don't exist here. Remember? You've got to talk through me.

Emmett: Alright. Wow. Give a screen name a little power and he becomes a control freak. Ask him what he's got on?

Pitts9x6: What are you wearing?

Surfer Dude: Just a jockstrap.

Emmett: Wow, some of them and whole Pittsburgh would be naked. Ask him what he's into.

Pitts9x6: What are you into?

Surfer Dude: Jacking off, sucking, just for starters.

Emmett: Tell him...

Pitts9x6: I know what to say. It's what your always said. I through you down the bed and rip that jockstrap off with me teeth.

Surfer Dude: You're making me so hard.

Pitts9x6: And then I flip you over and slap that tight bubble botton until you beg me to f*ck you.

Surfer Dude: Yeah man, you've got me so gorny.

Emmett: So gorny? What was that mean?

Surfer Dude: Sorry typo. I'm so horny.

usemyhole27: Hey pitts, it's me. Where have you've been?

Emmett: Oh my God, it's usemyhole 27.

Pitts9x6: Yeah, I'll tell him to f*ck off. We're busy.

usemyhole27: I still want to be your bottom boy.

Pitts9x6: Give me your address. All come over.

Emmett: What?!

usemyhole27: Cool.

(Back in the real world.)

Emmett: Do you know what you just did?!

Pitts9x6: Yeah, I got you a date.

(Back at David's, the host says goodbye to his guests.)

David: Bye Steve.

Steve: Great dinner, as always.

Laura: I call you, sweety.

David: (points to Michael) Adorable? (she nodds)

Eddie: Good night David, thank you.

David: Good night.

(All guests are gone.)

David: Hey, don't clean up.

Michael: Well, it's the least I could do, considering the mess I made. How was I supposed to know that Javier never told Eddie he want to the White Party?

David: (laughs) Well, he knows now.

Michael: As I say I'm just a jerk.

David: You're not a jerk.

Michael: I am a jerk and I've never been anywhere, I've never done anything.

David: So what?

Michael: I never even made it through a semester of community college.

David: So what?

Michael: I don't know what you want from me.

David: Michael, that doesn't matter.

Michael: It matters to me.

David: C'mon. (he kisses Michael)

Michael: I can't. I got to go.

David: What?

Michael: I've forget my clothes for work.

David: Michael! Michael...

(Pitts and Emmett walk to usemyhole27's door.)

Emmett: He would open that door, take one look at me and laugh right in my face.

Pitts9x6: He liked you online.

Emmett: Yeah, that's because he though I was you. I'm the Cyrano of cyberspace.

Pitts9x6: Who?

Emmett: Never mind.

(The door opens, revealing a guy who is nothing like his screen persona -- he's tall, built like a linebacker, and sort of dorky-looking. But cute. He and Emmett size each other up.)

Emmett: usemyhole27?

Guy: Pitts9x6? I guess I'm not what you expected.

Emmett: Well, I'm gonna say the same thing. I mean I'm not a big, beefy top.

Guy: Do I look like a hungry, submissive bottom?

Emmett: Well you sure have me fooled. I mean the way you beg to be dominated.

Guy: No way, you made me beg. You were the most ruthless pigmaster I ever talked to.

(Emmett looks at Pitts -- who gives him an encouraging nod.)

Emmett: Then what the f*ck are you standing there for, huh? Drop to your knees, p*ssy boy.

Guy: Yes, sir.

(At Mike's place, there's a knock at the door. Mike thinks Emmett's lost his key again, but it's Brian, drunk off his a*s.)

Michael: Emmett, you can't keep loosin' your key!

Brian: Hey, Sonny Boy.

Michael: Oh sh*t, you went to see your dad!

Brian: Stay here and have a drink with your old man!

Michael: Alright, c'mon. C'mon.

(Mike steers Brian into his bedroom, while Brian babbles drunkenbabblingblah. Mike undresses Brian and gets him into bed.)

Brian: We're last our aim.

Michael: Uh, huh, left up your arms.

Brian: Yeah, we're 14 points at least 10 minutes.

Michael: What a boy.

Brian: The boys laid a damnmight strike. Tony Cartego...

Michael: Get in bed.

Brian: You should have heard him: 'How's my successful son? I'm a little short of cash. I never should have been a family man.'

Michael: That's ancient history. Now, go to sleep.

Brian: He never changes. Not his bullshit. Not his life.

Michael: When are you going to learn? That's all he is. That's all he can be.

(Brian starts to cry. And then grasps Michael's hand in comfort.)

(Back at Babylon, Emmett's back -- shirt open, red sunglasses on, big sh*t-eating grin on his face. He finds Ted and sit besides him.)

Ted: What happened to you?

Emmett: Honey, you name it. How about you?

Ted: I'm starring at the same guy for the last three hours.

(Pitts drops his head in Emmett's lap.)

Pitts9x6: Hey. How did it go?

Emmett: There you are. This bottom is on top of the world. What about you dude?

Ted: What I have to do with it?

(Ted's looking at him funny.)

Emmett: Baby, I'm never going to delete you.

Ted: Deleting? OK, hand over the drugs!

Emmett: Shot your hole!

Ted: Excuse me?

Emmett: You heard me, p*ssy boy. I want you to go downstairs and tell that guy that you've been staring at all night that you want him to get down on his knees and service your c*ck.

Ted: WHAT?!

Emmett: Move it! Move it!

Ted: Yes, sir.

(Pitts and Emmett slap each other five.)

(The next day at the Happy Fun House, Melanie hands Brian and Lindsay papers to sign.)

Mel: I had my assistent apply to sign.

Brian: I need a pen.

Mel: Oh, got one.

(Gus gurgles in the background.)

Brian: There is no ink in there.

Lindsay: I have one. Here you go. (Brian stops) Brian?

(Gus cries. Brian looks at him.)

Mel: Honey, I though you changed him.

Lindsay: I did. Maybe the new formula didn't agree with him.

(Brian still looks at Gus.)

Mel: Well, I guess we should go on with this.

Brian: I changed my mind. (He's taking Gus out of the baby bed.)

Lindsay: Brian please, don't do this.

Brian: I'm not signing this.

Mel: We had an agreement.

Brian: That was before. Gus didn't exists then.

Mel: Oh god, I knew it!

Lindsay: Brian you know how important this is to us after what happened in the hospital.

Brian: I'm sorry for that. That's wrong. But so is giving up my kid. Isn't that right, Sonny Boy?

(At the gym, Mike's working out like a madman. David walks up.)

David: You need a break?

Michael: I'm still working up the paella.

David: I could use a few raps myself. C'mon.

(They go out of the balcony.)

Michael: Look, I know I disappointed you.

David: No, I let you down.

Michael: I'm an idiot.

David: I'm a jerk. I was insensitive, and I should have been more sensitive.

Michael: I don't fit in with your friends, and I don't know if I ever will.

David: When two people come from two different places...

Michael: I know, we come from two different worlds...

David: ...there's only one thing they should do.

Michael: I know, I totally agree. So, this is it. It's over.

David: "Over"? What's over? Mike, I want you to move in with me.

(Cue Mike's bug-eyed shock, and then the credits.)

Music: # Bad Case Of Loving You (Doctor Doctor) from Robert Palmer

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